

## NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
PROPRIETOR.

Rejected communications will not be returned.

Volume XXXV.....No. 58

## AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—MARRIAGE—THE DUMB BELLE.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 12th street.—LOST AT SEA.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, 22d st., between 5th and 6th ays.—EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of Eighth Avenue and 23d st.—THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—NEW VERSION OF FRIG.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth st.—FRIG.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—INN-FALLING ON THE MEN IN THE GAP.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, Broadway, corner Third and 1st.—Madness daily. Performance every evening.

MR. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—THE NIGHT IN A BARROOM.

TONY PASTORE'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 Bowery.—COMIO VOCALE, NEGRO ACTS, &amp;c.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 614 Broadway.—COMIO VOCALE, NEGRO ACTS, &amp;c.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Tammany Building, 14th st.—REBERT'S MINSTRELS.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS, 22d Bowery.—ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS, NEGRO ACTS, &amp;c.

NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASIUM PERFORMANCES, &amp;c.

HOOVER'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—HOOVER'S MINSTRELS.—HOOVER ACTS, &amp;c.

APOLLO HALL, corner 26th street and Broadway.—THE NEW HURDISONS.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 515 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

## TRIPLE SHEET.

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## NOTICE TO HERALD SUBSCRIBERS.

We will esteem it a favor if our readers will inform us, by letter addressed to this office, of any dereliction on the part of the carriers of the HERALD, either in furnishing the paper late, substituting other city papers, or leaving spoiled sheets.

A LARGE MEETING was held last evening at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association to forward the education of young men of industry. Addresses were made by James W. Gerard and William M. Everts.

THE RENT MARKET, so far, remains firm under the fall in gold. Landlords hold on to high terms. Some valuable information in regard to this subject will be found in another column. The remedy is for tenants to remain firm also.

THE MANAGERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION at Albany are to give an exhibition of their pupils in the Assembly Chamber. In view of the vaporizing discussion between two of the Assemblymen yesterday the exhibition seems likely to have a good effect.

THE MISSING STEAMSHIP City of Boston is exciting uneasy interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The agents in Liverpool have sent the steamship City of Durham to cruise off the Madeira Islands in search of her. It is generally believed among old sailors that she is disabled and is making for some port under sail.

A TERRIBLE RAILROAD HORROR is reported from Oxford, Miss. The regular mail train on the Mississippi Central crashed through a trestle bridge and four passenger cars were demolished. Twenty-three persons so far are known to have been killed and a large number wounded. We have had a long lull in railroad disasters of late, and the Southern roads, strangely enough, considering their supposed generally wrecked condition, have been heretofore remarkably free of them. But this horror breaks the lull.

## The Herald and Modern Progress—The Pioneer Preacher of the New Dispensation.

It has been the privilege of the HERALD to chronicle and encourage many great reforms. We say it with modesty, but we say it, that no great newspaper, either in the Old World or the New, has so perseveringly devoted itself to the cause of human progress. Our success is universally admitted, and our success has been our reward. Since thirty years how changed is the face of the globe, and how changed is the face of society! Within that space of time the world has made more substantial progress than previously it was wont to make in centuries. Steam has worked its wonders—bridging oceans, piercing the everlasting hills, making nations rich and man at once more powerful and more happy. The electric forces of nature have been caught, tamed and made the obedient servants of human thought. The newspaper, aided by every known force and by every swift messenger, has worked its way into many "arcana," disclosed many mysteries, demolished many idols, broken down many prejudices and created a healthful public sentiment, which is now a more potent controller of human affairs than kings or armies or religions. With the triumphs of these last thirty years the NEW YORK HERALD will be lastingly and honorably associated.

Not resting from our numerous other efforts, we have seen a field for our usefulness among the churches. Hence our editorials on religious subjects and our miscellaneous religious intelligence in our Sunday issue; and hence, too, our reports of the sermons and our photographs of the churches in the HERALD of Monday. It is gratifying to us to learn from so many sources that our efforts in this new direction are so heartily appreciated. The clergy are delighted because their lights are no longer to be hid under a bushel. On Monday every conscientious pulpiteer who finds a place in our columns is simply rewarded for the anxious hours and laborious efforts of the previous week. The people are delighted; for not only are they no longer compelled to rest contented with the wit, the genius and the eloquence of one divine, but they find themselves feasting on the fat things of all the best. The pious and the godly are delighted, because they see and feel in the HERALD a mighty and effective preacher of righteousness. The philosophers are delighted, because, understanding the broad platform of the HERALD, and looking forward to the result in the not distant future, they see an end to the reign of prejudice and error. We are not dissatisfied with the expression of opinion and with the high hopes which have been formed, and we assure our readers that it is our intention to go on in executing the duties of our high mission.

We have already seen some fruit since this new thing was commenced. The fruit has been satisfactory enough, but we look for a richer and a larger. It is undeniable that in matters of religion prejudice has reigned too long, and that no sufficient means have yet been employed to break down the stupid barriers which still separate men who can walk together on all days of the week but one and who can sit together anywhere but in the house of God. The reproducing of the Sunday sermons in the Monday's HERALD cannot fail to have a powerful effect in breaking down those ridiculous prejudices and in making men feel that there is good in all creeds, in all confessions and in most forms of worship. Catholics, Protestants, Unitarians, Trinitarians, Baptists, Methodists, Jews and all the rest will meet face to face, and in spite of names will find themselves brothers. Unity in matters religious and in a sense never before thought possible will become a characteristic of the human race. Against the powers of darkness, and no longer against each other, their forces will be directed. This is one good result, but it is not the only. It has long been a growing characteristic of these later times that the world was departing from the Church—that the Church was comparatively powerless because the world could not be reached. By large and growing masses of men the power of the eloquent sermon was never felt. This will no longer be possible; for our plan bridges the gulf, and the reader of the newspaper will have no choice but come under the preacher's power. The HERALD will thus not only be a preacher itself, but it will help to create a liking for sacred scenes and services and for the worship of the temple. On preachers themselves our Monday reports will exercise a healthful influence. The able and the industrious will be honored; mere talk will find its proper level; and the success of the deserving will force talent of the right stamp into the pulpit. We shall be greatly disappointed if we do not succeed in stimulating the pulpiteers whom we have. We shall be equally disappointed if we do not fill the pulpits in time with a higher class of men. In all the churches we shall seek out and do honor to genuine ability. There is no good reason why our divines should not rise to the highest level ever attained in all the past or in any land. The general character of the services shall be as carefully attended to as the thought and style of the preacher. It is our aim to give material aid to the cause of all true religion; and it will surprise us if in all the directions just indicated we do not soon convince the world that our self-imposed task has proved no failure. Our example, we are well aware, will be extensively imitated; it is so already; but this will only convince us of the wisdom of our course and hasten forward the joy and the triumph. We welcome and encourage all fellow laborers. The field is large and the laborers are yet few.

With the hearty co-operation of all we shall find ourselves in the midst of millennial blessings. Religious resources will no longer be wasted by religious rivalry. In all the holy mountain nothing will hurt or destroy. The highest happiness will be the property not of the few but of the many. In one great unity, which shall know no difference in religion, in language, in politics, the human race, controlled by a healthful moral sentiment, will realize the vision of the poet, "The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

"HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE."—One of the model city politicians, who some eight or ten years since was city administrator, ran away a defaulter. The city had to make up

the money he stole from widows and orphans, and then the city sued his bondsmen. Judgment was given for the city in the suit, but the money has never yet been collected, and now it is moved to set the judgment aside. Both the bondsmen are city politicians, and so it seems a foregone conclusion that their motion will prevail and that the money will at last come out of the taxpayers. The Corporation Counsel says that every judgment in favor of the city is set aside in the same way.

## That Colored Senator—No Fear of Negro Rule.

A great fuss has been made over the admission of Revels, the colored man, as United States Senator from the State of Mississippi. It is unquestionably an extraordinary revolution in our political and social life to see a negro seated in that high assembly of the republic. But there need be no fear of the negroes coming in numbers to Congress or into any other important position. Occasionally an exceptional case may be seen where some negro shows uncommon talents and where the constituency is composed mostly of his race. The white man—the man of the superior race—will always have the ascendancy. The principle of political equality and the rights of all men to equal privileges or chances being established there will be no desire to elevate the colored man beyond the point where nature has placed him. The morbid pro-negro sentiment that grew out of the war and the abolition agitation provisionally will die out now. It has nothing to feed upon. The negro will take the place nature has assigned him under this republic, of which nine-tenths or more are white people, and we shall see few of that race in Congress or occupying prominent political positions. We recommend the old pro-Southern and pro-slavery democrats, therefore, to dry up their tears. Negroes will never be our rulers.

## Exit Leg Drama.

At length the last stronghold of the leg drama—Tammany—has surrendered at discretion to the indignation of an outraged public and has given up the ghost. Its last essay at nude burlesque was too much for even the indulgence of theatre-goers, and the result was a timely dissolution. Every lover of art will rejoice at the removal of the intolerable nuisance which has so long disgraced our stage, to the exclusion of all that is good and pure in music and the drama. The innudation of bleached blondes which burst upon us two seasons ago inflicted more damage upon art than many are aware of. First, one of the leading theatres of the city was monopolized by them, and night after night its stage formed a sort of rostrum for the declamation of childish nonsense, double entendres and jokes, which the poorest comic paper would be ashamed of, and became an exhibition hall for unclad beauties and extensively padded limbs. Again the music publishers caught the infection, and threw aside works of genuine merit to make way for nursery rhymes and the offshoots of London concert saloons. The "Black Crook" was the *avant courier* of this vitiated taste of the public, and its successor, the "White Fawn," only served to strengthen it; but the blondes brought matters to a climax, and the natural result is a revulsion of feeling on the part of theatre-goers. They looked around for something respectable and artistic, and found it in the magnificent temple erected by Edwin Booth. There we find Shakespeare enthroned in all the splendor and glory that a refined taste and liberality could furnish, and the spectacular drama beaten on its own ground. Neither the "Black Crook" nor "White Fawn" can compare with "Hamlet" in stage pictures and accessories. Daly's little *bijou* theatre of comedy and Wallace's standard establishment also aided in the good work of weaning the public from the nauseous dramatic fare they had so long been fed with at the expense of taste and morality. The change from leg to legitimate drama was not effected in a moment. It was a gradual process, but it attained its object nevertheless. The treasury of a theatre is the surest sign of the feelings of the public towards it, and the returns made by Booth's each month far surpassed anything the leg drama ever dreamed of. The demise of Tammany may therefore be taken as an emphatic declaration of opinion on the part of the public that they want no more black crooks, white fawns or bleached blondes. All future efforts in that line can only be spasmodic and result in the financial ruin of those who undertake them. The public are very positive in their likes and dislikes, and it is useless to fight against them on the stage. *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!* All hail to the revival of art, genius and merit in music and the drama on the metropolitan boards!

"QUITE IMPORTANT" FROM PARAGUAY.—The despatch published this morning from Lisbon, relative to the Paraguayan war, differs little from previous despatches through the same channel and on the same subject; yet we are told that "the news from the seat of war is quite important." The information states that Lopez has had to evacuate one town, fall back toward another, and that Count D'En was moving so as to intercept him. Now, this is all very fine; but we have had so many stories of a similar character that no reliance can be placed on this "quite important" information.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Hubbard made an able argument before the Postal Committee yesterday in favor of the postal telegraph system, and overthrew all Mr. Orton's glittering generalities by the incontrovertible logic of facts and figures. He showed not only that under the system as adopted in Europe the cost of telegraphing was cheaper for the people and as remunerative for the government, but that the cost of the governmental lines would be less to the government than the price at which the Western Union Company fix their materials.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF QUARANTINE at their meeting yesterday received a wrathful letter from Dr. Swinburne, the ex-Health Officer, denying that he had ever extorted unlawful money from ship captains or detained vessels beyond the authorized time. As soon as his communication was filed another was received from prominent merchants again complaining of these unjust charges and proposing reforms.

## Fashions in Washington—The Ladies' Day at the White House.

But should I now to you relate  
The strength and riches of their state,  
The ribbons, jewels and the pins,  
The lace, the paint and wattle things  
That make up all their magnificence.

The memorable 22d of February was the ladies' day at the White House a most appropriate and charming celebration. We publish this morning from a special correspondent an interesting account of it and of the Washington citizens' ball, which closed in the national capital the mild and genial festivities of the day. It is a curious fact that the unpretending Galena tanner, the rough looking Missouri wood hauler, the plain, Kosuth-battered, sunburnt, cigar-smoking subjugator of five hundred thousand men in battle array, should turn out the pink of perfection as the leader of the gay world at Washington. But so it is. It was said at Long Branch last summer that an afternoon ride of forty miles or so behind a pair of spanking bays and a good cigar was the General's highest enjoyment of all the good things of this wicked world. But at Washington, in the official atmosphere of feminine grace, youth and beauty, he has ceased to be the country squire and has become towa gentleman. And Mrs. Grant, too, in her quiet way, while transformed from the plain Western Methodist in her costume to the rustling robes of queen of our republican court, still maintains her natural amiability and simplicity. In her "black velvet, with satin and lace trimmings," she is the same in the eyes and heart of his Excellency that she was to the honest woodsman in her cheap barge—an example to womankind, and a crown of glory to her lord and servant. And how Mrs. Grant, on this aforesaid delightful ladies' day at the White House, including Mrs. General McClellan, was surrounded by bevy of beauties of every variety and in every style, it is needless here to repeat. Our "veteran observer" on the ground may be trusted, and from his enjoyable details we are drawn to this conclusion, that the administration of General Grant, whatever it may turn out to be in other things, is destined to be long remembered in the gay world of fashion as a great and luminous success.

Who could have thought this of the rustic victor of Vicksburg? But poor Ophelia says most truly, "We know what we are, but we know not what may be." The Prince Imperial may some day be a school teacher at Omaha, and some "dark complected" beauty, now of Chihuahua, may live to take the place of Mrs. General Grant. Why not, when a "gemmen ob color" now smiles in the Senatorial seat left vacant by the frowning Jeff Davis? The fashions! Who can tell what will next be the order of the day in Washington? Gaiety and dress, and fun and flirtations were, we may say, first introduced in full bloom in the White House by the bewitching and vivacious Dolly Madison. The next revival was under that impressive and gallant backwoodsman, Old Hickory; but the fashionable ladies of his cabinet circle got him into a world of trouble, resulting, among other things, in a complete rebuilding reconstruction. From Jackson's time there was not much of Parisian fashionable enjoyments in the Executive Mansion until the return of the happy Captain Tyler from his honeymoon excursion with his beautiful young bride and his old umbrella. Then there were cotillions and waltzes in the East Room things hardly remembered at the time by the oldest dandy of Pennsylvania avenue among the gay things of the past. And it was Tyler who introduced the music of the Marine Band in the President's grounds and in those of the Capitol at the close of the long summer afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday a custom retained to this day.

Under Polk fashionable life at Washington was comparatively cold and precise; under Taylor (Betty Bliss presiding) it was warm and genial; under Fillmore it was stately and dignified; under Pierce it began to be decidedly democratic; under the gay old bachelor Buchanan it was gay and elegant, and under Lincoln it was said the "White House is overrun with the rag, tag and bobtail of backwoodsmen, prairie men and carpet-baggers." But, even with the rebels beleaguering Washington, Mrs. Lincoln, to cheer the Union cause, got up some elegant receptions. Old Ben Wade, however, did not admire them; for, when asked to take a turn in a hop at one of these gay parties, he gruffly said, "No; I cannot dance in a city under siege." But Lincoln's administration is highly important, socially, as marking the disappearance of the ruling fascinating ladies of the Southern slaveholding cotton oligarchy and the substitution of a mixed oligarchy from the North, regarded by the seceding citizens as an invasion of the Goths and Vandals.

Under General Grant the new social era of a reunion of the North and South, with the East and West—whites, niggers, Indians and all—is inaugurated; and surely such a reign of fashion will follow in Washington, and of "liberty, equality and fraternity," as was never dreamed of by Captain Tyler, Old Jack Taylor, Old Hickory or Old Tom Jefferson.

BEN BUTLER'S FRIENDS are presuming too much on his great "shoo, fly," achievements in the House. They held a meeting at Union League Hall, in Washington, last night, and one of the speakers, who, we presume, was carried entirely away by his enthusiasm, went so far as to say that the movement was the beginning of what would lead Ben to the Presidency. Afterwards the Essex statesman was serenaded by a colored band at his house, and although of course taken by surprise at the unexpected honor, he managed to appear in a dress suit and make a short speech, in which he dampened the ardor of his sable friends by reminding them of the taxes and other unpleasant concomitants of freedom. Ben will never get to the Presidency in this way. He should tell these zealous friends not to "boder" him.

great grain trade of the West will filter away into other channels. The bill, however, was almost substantially defeated, being referred to the Canal Committee.

## The Murder Mania.

It is a favorite idea with the optimists that if advancement is slow it is yet sure, and that the mind once acquainted with improvement leaves ignorance and crime continually further behind. But history and the silent evidence of the desert refute this. Nations have been rebarbarized, and plains once filled with the music of human life now echo only with the warwhoop and shouts of madmen. In Massachusetts, among our own States, which plumes itself on its special condition of civilization, some of the most cold-blooded and ingenious murders which have stained the criminal records of late years have been perpetrated. That most charming writer, Charles Lamb, whose humor was always subservient to his humanity, in a letter to a Quaker friend, declares, between fun and philosophy, that he looks on the five fingers of each hand with which nature has furnished him with a certain degree of horror when he reflects on their purpose and mysterious adaptation to the purposes of crime, and he concludes with a pathetic admonition to the Quaker banker to take thought and know himself and stay his fingers in good time. Many readers of Lamb doubtless fancy this a joke; but Lamb meant something by everything, and his meaning here was deep and serious. The moral of his jest is that no discipline makes sin impossible; that there is a strength of latent mischief in the hearts of men, nay, in their very fingers, which can break through all the bulwarks raised by education and to which even the *murus aeneus* of religion opposes no impenetrable barrier. To evil natures to whom "good is a forced motion," to use the language of Lord Bacon, return is ever quicker than progression. A well-bred Irish gentleman will read in the pages of Strabo without compunction concerning his father—the contemporaries of the historian—who were cannibals; and yet, if he turn historian himself, and take all periods, with their respective features, into his philosophical contemplation, there is some room for discomposure about the condition of human life in his country just now. Even in the highest state of civilization man is but the old savage tamed, and if the brute is in the breast he breathes.

In commenting on this murder mania, which seems for the moment to have seized society here, and which, like any other baleful disease, appears to have its seasons of visitation and then pass away, the foreign journals seem desirous to attribute it, in large degree to the publicity given to acts of crime by the press of this country in all their circumstantial details, and to argue that such exhibition of vice, however loaded with chains of popular execration, does not assist morality. Even with ourselves, when some fiendish act of savage crime appeals to the minds of the community, and makes even the most sanguine of us grow faint-hearted about the state of our society, the press, instead of being encouraged to place the matter before the public in such a startling manner as even to rouse the attention of the dullest intellect or most steely heart, is accused by a certain shallow class of people of "pandering to vulgar tastes by indecorous disclosures"—of chuckling over prurient details and such like.

Both such classes entirely mistake the genius and what we may term the philosophy of our institutions. With us the whole people, not a special class, are the conservators of order, the protectors of life and property, the punishers of crime. When the HERALD, with its vast circulation permeating every vein of this huge country, carries through the length and breadth of the land the details down to the smallest particulars of one of those murders which have recently disgraced the face of society, every citizen at once becomes a constable, and the criminal in reality finds a policeman in every bush. We live in a country where bad as well as good is made so transparent that it can be seen by all, and in such sight all find a remedy. What constitutes the cancer of European society is that the sores which fester at its heart and gnaw away its vitality are carefully tied up and concealed by triple-edged feudal bands. The comparative order which reigns there is nothing but that delicious state of quietude to which Louis Philippe once so wittily referred with respect to Warsaw, there is a little French milliner behind the screen.

Indeed, whatever detractors of our free institutions may say, or whatever old European ladies, frightened by transient catastrophes, may think, history will record the fact that we have borne hitherto the luxuries of independence and disenthralment from feudal or monarchical fetters with wondrous moderation, and if it had not been for the audacity of European governments in sending us so many of their subjects without the previous educational preparation to bear our free institutions, many of the scars that disgrace our society would not exist. We may even go so far as to assert that in monarchical societies where intellect is not so universally developed there may be less crime, because there is less mental activity. Our inventors are as daring as our criminals are revolting; our navigators as full of audacity as our burglars are of pluck. So let us calmly pursue our path of progress. This murder mania will soon, like other ghastly visitants, pass away.

SPANISH GUNBOAT VIOLANCE.—President Céspedes recently appointed General Quesada and Colonel Varona to an important foreign mission. The fact that Cuba was encircled by a line of Spanish gunboats appears to have given them little or no concern. They quietly embarked, pushed their way through the vigilant cruisers, and are now on American soil. If the Spanish navy cannot guard the Cuban coast better than this it might as well be at the other side of the Atlantic. What are the thirty gunboats doing?

GOLD STILL GOING DOWN.—Gold went down to 115½ yesterday. Without bonds and provisions and cotton going over to Europe in exchange for dry goods, &c., gold, in fact, is getting to be a drug in the market; and all our people, of all professions and pursuits, of all sections and parties and classes, must prepare for the general reconstruction that is at hand of a lower scale of prices all round and in everything.

## High Life and Dress Fashions in Paris—American Aristocracy and Beauty in Rome.

By special correspondence from Paris and Rome published in our columns to-day we report the latest style and make-up of the fashionable dress costume prevailing in the French capital, with the doings and dining and wining and matrimonial strategy which were enjoyed by and exercised among the members of the American community in Rome. Our Paris correspondent has to speak in the very outset of a *coup d'état* or revolutionary movement even in the matters of clothing and dress ornamentation among the Parisians, leading almost to the inference that the French people, in their unconquerable love of change, will come at no distant date to put on their everyday robes with the inside turned out, somewhat after the style of their illustrious Hiberno-Geltic cousin, Brian O'Lynn. The era was brilliant, however, in the meantime. The Empress Eugénie was "out" in fur trimmings on tulle. Patti was "decorated" by the Czar Alexander in St. Petersburg and spoke to her friends in Paris of brilliant diamonds and gold in such profusion, and language so artistic, that it is quite enough to render the bones of old Suwarrow—who drilled the Empress Catherine's Cossacks dressed merely in his shirt-tail—uneasy in the grave. The Sultan, with other sovereigns, paid tribute to the *diva* also, so that it remains perfectly true that "music hath charms" equally in every land and among all sorts of people. Aristocratic balls were still in order in Paris. The English Marchioness of Hastings looked quite interesting in mourning. Madame E. Ollivier, the Marquise de Talhouet, the Marquise de Galliffet, Madame la Maréchale Canrobert, with other leaders of the French *ton*, were radiant in velvets, diamonds, silks, new hats, smiles and happy anticipations of spring.

American beauty produced quite a sensation in Rome. It was fresh and insipid in its transatlantic sweetness and stood a chance of revolutionizing the Vatican and repealing one at least of the canon law rules of the Ancient Church. We regret to say, however, that its natural force and power were vastly marred by greenbacks and the greedy calculations of a shoddy parental aristocracy which had got mixed up on the matters of Italian titles, macaroni, wine, salt herings and Palermian wine; so that the young ladies were vastly hampered and interrupted.

Of the European special fashions correspondence of the HERALD it is enough to say in its praise that it is just now moving even the copperhead organ of this city in the matter of dress. Our special description of the Prince of Wales' new overcoat, given in the HERALD last Sunday, was editorially rebashed in that journal on Wednesday, thus:—"The Prince of Wales has acquired a new title to the reverence of the British nation by bringing into fashion a sartorial of more than clerical ugliness. It is a garment of immense length, and, since O'Connell's horseman's coat, with its myriad capes, faded from the gaze of men." The copperhead organ is wrong again. The great Irish agitator did not wear an overcoat. He never rode on horseback. He had an old navy blue boat cloak for many years. That cloak had only one cape, a very diminutive one at that. The copperhead organ was sure to make a mistake about fashionable clothing. Like the box constrictor in the menagerie, its writers are rolled in a blanket—an old and well worn one—and don't comprehend stylish overcoats. Their democracy is just that way. "Sam Slick" says:—"Some 'on them democrats puts on a clean shirt and never takes it off till his worn out." The copperhead organ may in the end acquire correct notions about dress from the special fashions of the HERALD, perhaps.

## Our Special European Correspondence—Spain, Rome, Germany and the Canadian Questions.

By special correspondence and mail reports from Europe we are enabled to present to the readers of the HERALD to-day an interesting and important news exhibit in elaboration of our cable telegrams to the 25th of February.

Our special writer in Madrid intimates the prefatory movement towards the Carlist invasion of which the submarine wires now speak. Our report of the Spanish legislative debate on the question of the Church estimates places native constitutionalism side by side with the obstruction which impedes its progress, so that the American people can easily comprehend the grand difficulty which still stands in the path of patriotic executive effort in that country. The Papal anathema, or anathema, of the Syllabus is reported. The HERALD readers will consequently be able to form a pretty accurate judgment as to how they stand here, as well as of their chances hereafter, on this glorious Sabbath morning. If the anathema staggers them any there is nothing so good for a restorative as a smart walk in the Park. Earl Granville's speech in the British House of Lords on the subject of the general colonial policy of England and the exact tone of the relations of the mother country towards Canada is of much interest, if only for the matronly encouragement which it holds out to the Canadians to walk alone if they find themselves able, or hold on to the parent apron string if they are still timid, or afraid; but, and above all things, to cease crying out without good reason. France tells us again of radicalism and fanaticism in politics, and crime, outrage and industrial losses as the consequences. Germany moves toward the United States solidly, quietly and economically, and with Fatherland and hope for the future in the hearts of her children. Thus does the HERALD chronicle the Old World as it is and bid welcome to its exiles as they are.

A COLD SNAP AND PLENTY OF ICE.—It is fortunately one of the points in the chemistry of nature that there is no limit to the application of her forces. One terrifically cold night is almost as good for the ice men as a long cold winter. Frozen in our little cold snap the Hudson is frozen so that teams cross near Albany and ice makers are busy.

IT SEEMS THAT BUTLER, of Tennessee, is to be the next victim of the cadetship investigation. He is said to have disposed of his purchase money for political purposes, whereas the unfortunate Whittemore gave his to the poor. It now remains to be seen if politics cover a greater multitude of sins than charity.